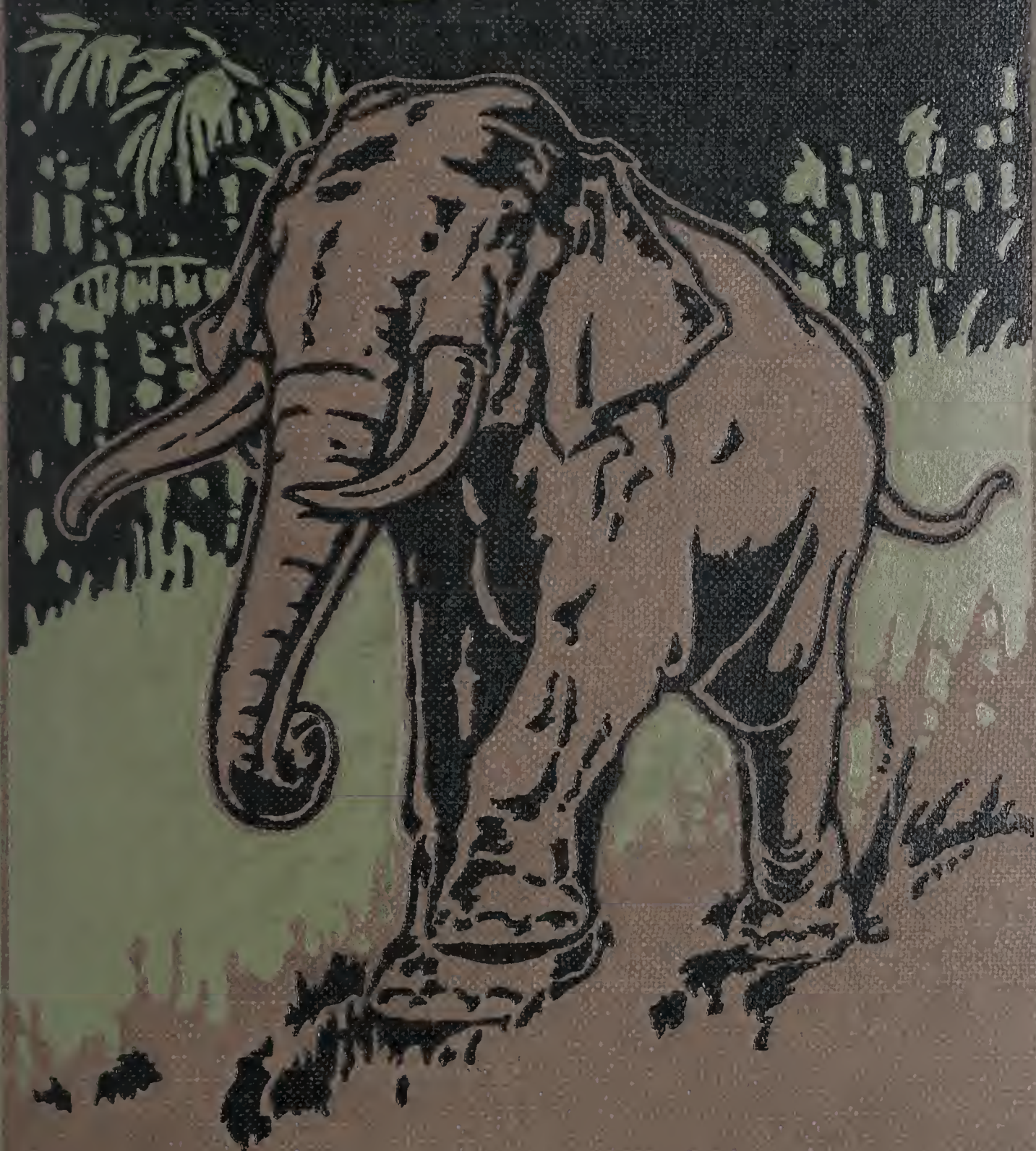


# IN THE JUNGLE



GRACE BLISS STEWART





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IN THE JUNGLE  
WITH CHEERUPS AND THE QUIXIES









“It’s an animal!” cried Cheerups out loud.

FRONTISPIECE. See page 92.



# IN THE JUNGLE WITH CHEERUPS AND THE QUIXIES

BY  
GRACE BLISS STEWART

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
MORGAN STINEMETZ



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TO  
MY MOTHER AND AUNT

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED





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# IN THE JUNGLE WITH CHEERUPS AND THE QUIXIES

∴

## FIRST STORY

### THE PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

“**N**OW just look at that path, Brighteyes,” called Cheerups to a little brown Quixie who was peeping out of a bush near by.

“You could n’t really call it a path, could you, sir?” said Brighteyes. “Hardly a blade of grass is worn off.”

“No, that’s just the trouble, Brighteyes; there’s no one to wear it off,” replied Cheerups. “Nobody comes to see us. Maybe they can’t find the way. It

## 2 THE PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

must be that, for I'm sure they would like us if they could get here."

"I'll go once more and look," cried Brighteyes. "I'll climb the very tallest tree on the tipmost top of the mountain and look as far as I can to see if any one is coming," and he jumped aboard a passing breeze and flew away through the air.

There sat Cheerups in the doorway of his little house. It was only a hole in the side of an old hollow stump, but this jolly little fairy liked his home and was so happy that it would have made you laugh just to look at him.

He was about three inches tall, with a round rosy face, little twinkly eyes and a mouth which reached way back to his ears when he smiled. On the top of his head was a tuft of stiff hair like a

paintbrush, which nodded and nodded when Cheerups was pleased, and that was almost all the time. His chubby little body was clothed in a jacket and knee breeches of green; and his shoes were bright, bright red, so you could n't tell them from the wintergreen and partridge berries on the ground, when he walked about on the side of the mountain.

But even if the rest of the world had n't come to Cheerups, he had friends. Any one so jolly and kind could n't help it. There were four little Quixies who were his faithful companions, and they were called Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff.

These Quixies lived up in the Great Pine Tree which waved its whispering branches over Cheerups' hollow stump,

#### 4 THE PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

and they were so much alike that you could n't tell them apart unless you knew them very well. They were as slender and brown as Cheerups was plump and green, and being so slender and brown, they looked like brothers to the pine needles which fall from the great pine trees and feel so soft under your feet in the woods.

Brighteyes could see very well indeed. His eyesight was so wonderful that he could almost see around a corner. Quick-ear said that he could hear the grass grow. Softfoot stepped so lightly that even Quickear could n't hear him, and Sniffsniff could smell a violet a mile away.

Of course, with such good friends near him, Cheerups could n't be very sad about the lack of visitors. It was really



because he was so glad that fine morning that he wanted to share his good spirits with every one. Cheerups was so happy that he wished he could help all the people in the world who did n't feel the same way; he felt just as you feel when Santa Claus has been very generous with you on Christmas Day and you wish the little poor children could have some of your good things.

"Yes, I'm sure they would like us if they could only get here," murmured Cheerups to himself. "I would so love to broaden my acquaintance. They say travel does it. That's it, we'll travel! Oh, Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot, Sniff-sniff, I have an idea!"

"Yes, sir, here I am, sir; I could n't see any one from the top of the

## 6 THE PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

mountain coming this way, sir," cried Brighteyes, as he fluttered to the ground.

"Never mind that now," shouted Cheerups excitedly. "I have a wonderful idea. We'll go to them!"

"To them?" piped Quickear.

"To whom?" chirped Softfoot.

"To where?" sputtered Sniffsniff.

For they had all dropped down from the Great Pine Tree at Cheerups' first call.

"We are going to travel," chuckled Cheerups. "Is n't it exciting?"

"But please, sir, when do we start?" chimed the Quixies in chorus.

"We begin here and we start now," cried Cheerups gleefully. "All aboard for Somewhere," and he hopped on a passing leaf and rose into the air. The

## THE PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR 7

four little Quixies were most too astonished to move but they did n't want to be left behind, so each grabbed a bit of thistledown and followed Cheerups on his voyage of discovery.





## SECOND STORY

# JUMPING INTO THE JUNGLE

**T**HROUGH the air flew Cheerups and Brighteyes and Quickear and Softfoot and Sniffsniff, so fast that you could hardly see them. The wind was very chilly and the clouds looked like great white pillows ready to fall on them any minute. Quixie Brighteyes wanted to stop for a pillow fight, but Cheerups would n't hear to it.

At night they bumped into the corner of a star and were almost hung up on a horn of the new moon. They were caught in a swirling whirl of north wind

## 10 JUMPING INTO THE JUNGLE

and felt very cold, but when Big Bright Mr. Sun popped up over the rim of the world and smiled at them, the five little travelers began to feel cheerful again. Then suddenly the air grew warm and kindly, and before they knew it they had dropped plump! right down among slender palm trees, ferns as tall as a house and wonderful pink and purple flowers.

“This must be Africa,” cried Cheerups, as he stretched his legs and arms and looked about him. “Jumped right into the Jungle, I should say. Great, is n’t it?” And he beamed upon the bewildered little Quixies with his broadest smile. “But what is that strange crying sound, like some one feeling very sad? Do you hear it, Quickear? Hurry, Soft-foot, and find out where it comes from!

And you, Brighteyes, go too and look about! Dear me, dear me! Perhaps we are going to be useful right away.” And Cheerups did n’t know whether to nod his tuft of hair or not, he was having such a hard time between being glad and sorry.

Then all at once out of the Thick Bushes and the Twisty Vines came the funniest sight Cheerups had ever set eyes on. Walking toward him were Brighteyes and Quickear and between them trudged a great shaggy animal, up to whose finger tips they were vainly trying to reach. Behind frisked Softfoot and Sniffsniff, choking with laughter. They had simply forgotten all about their manners.

But was this strange looking creature really an animal? It walked on two legs,

## 12 JUMPING INTO THE JUNGLE

held itself nearly erect and looked so astonishingly like a man that Cheerups was very much puzzled.

“Please, sir,” said Quickear, “we found this — this gentleman feeling very sad, and we brought him to you because we thought you could help him.”

“That’s what we have come all the way from America for,” said Cheerups, smiling and nodding his topknot. “We have come all the way from the Great Mountain where we live just to help people, and I’m delighted to meet you.”

“Churly Gorilla is my name,” barked the big clumsy creature, hanging his head gloomily. “I am the largest and strongest of all the monkey family. I am almost six feet tall, as you see, and very fierce besides. I assure you there

is scarcely anything in the Jungle of which I am afraid, except — except rain, sir.”

“Why, what a funny thing to be afraid of, Churly Gorilla,” cried Cheerups. “The raindrops are so gentle that they could n’t do any one harm. In this hot climate they ought to be very refreshing. I, for one, would welcome a shower this minute. I am not used to heat, for it is very cool at home on the Great Mountain. If you’ll excuse me, I believe I’ll take off my coat.”

“But,” grumbled Churly, “you don’t understand how it is, Mr. —”

“Cheerups; at your service, sir. Cheerups is my name and these are my four good friends and traveling companions, — Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff. They are broadening their



## 14 JUMPING INTO THE JUNGLE

acquaintance too," replied Cheerups. "Now that we are so nicely introduced, what were you saying, Mr. Gorilla?"

"I was saying that you really don't know anything about my troubles, sir. Excuse me for contradicting you. My temper is never very good, but to-day I am most dreadfully upset. You see, when it rains in the Jungle it rains very hard, and though it is only a shower which does n't last long, the water comes down like a solid sheet. Then my thick coat gets wet way through to the skin, and I am very uncomfortable. Please, Mr. Cheerups, could you tell me some way to keep dry?"

"Well, well, well," mused Cheerups, "that's different. Now let me see. If you have time to wait, I should like to think about that. I have it!" cried



Cheerups the next minute, and he looked so happy and his round merry eyes twinkled so kindly that Churly Gorilla grew more hopeful. "Now, Brighteyes, just look at the hair on Mr. Gorilla's arms and tell me if there is anything unusual about the way it grows."

"Why, in the first place, sir, it is very thick and long, and in the second place it grows downward from the shoulder to the elbow and upward from the wrist to the elbow," said Quixie Brighteyes.

"Good," cried Cheerups, nodding his topknot madly. "Your troubles are over, Mr. Gorilla, and lucky you are to get out of them so easily. The next time it rains, just cover your head and shoulders with your arms, and the water will roll off them as it would from a

## 16 JUMPING INTO THE JUNGLE

thatched roof, all on account of the way the hair grows. Then you will find yourself quite dry.

“A red silk umbrella you’d probably choose  
But your arms are much better, for those  
you can’t lose.”

“Goody, goody, goody,” cried Churly Gorilla, dancing up and down and barking so loud that Brighteyes and Quickear and Softfoot and Sniffsniff were frightened out of their wits and went hurrying and scurrying into the tall Jungle grasses to get out of the way.

“Dear kind Mr. Cheerups, you have taken such a load from my mind! Now I know I shall never be wet again and I can hardly wait to try my new umbrella,” chattered Churly. “I am going right off to tell the other Jungle folks about you,” and away he trotted into the dusk,

chuckling softly to himself and feeling very happy over his good fortune.

The thick, velvety curtain of darkness fell suddenly, as it does in the Tropics, and Cheerups' first day in the Jungle was over.



## THIRD STORY

# GRAY EARS THE ELEPHANT COMES TO CALL

**T**HE next morning Cheerups opened his round twinkly eyes sooner than usual.

“Folks have to be up bright and early to get ahead of me,” thought he. “I feel just as if something were going to happen to-day.”

He was really too excited to sleep. All that lovely Jungle was so much more wonderful than any dream he had ever dreamed that he opened his eyes very wide to make sure of staying awake.

## 20 GRAY EARS COMES TO CALL

Above Cheerups' head the palm trees waved their giant leaves in the breeze like so many palm-leaf fans. Big Bright Mr. Sun, as he peeped over the tops of the Little Hills, made diamonds of the dew-drops and turned the flowers into flame.

"One of those flowers would make a whole suit for me," thought Cheerups. "If I could only find a tailor, I would exchange my green coat for a purple one. But what in the world is that rumbling noise? I believe we are going to have a shower. Quickear, do you hear thunder?"

"I certainly hear something very loud and alarming, sir," cried Quickear, jumping up from the comfortable cobweb where he was sitting. "It does n't sound a bit like the thunder we hear on the Great Mountain at home, though.

It's so rumbly-rolly, and it's coming nearer all the time."

"Bless me, what's that?" shouted Cheerups, as a great gray monster broke through the underbrush and stood still a minute, as if dazed. Fully ten feet tall was this fellow, with the biggest ears and the longest nose and the most surprising teeth which stretched way, way out in front of him.

"How do you do, sir," said Cheerups bravely, but his knees shook a little. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"Eh, what was that? Did I hear something?" trumpeted this strange visitor. "Surely I heard a sound, but I can't see a single thing. Do they make voices without bodies nowadays? Come out here like a gentleman and talk, whoever you are!"



## 22 GRAY EARS COMES TO CALL

“My dear sir,” said Cheerups, who was just a little angry at being spoken to so rudely, “will you please be kind enough to look on the ground right in front of your remarkable long nose? I’m Cheerups, and I have come all the way from the Great Mountain to broaden my acquaintance.”

“Oh, there you are, to be sure, Mr. Cheerups. I am sorry I spoke the way I did. My cousin, Husky Tusky, in India is so polite that he would be dreadfully ashamed of me. I have been looking everywhere for you. Churly Gorilla came home so set up about the new umbrella which you loaned him — I mean explained to him how to use — that I have come for a bit of advice too. Hop on to my trunk and run up nearer my ear, that’s a good fellow! Now we can talk.



“That’s a good fellow! Now we can talk.” *Page 22.*



I am Gray Ears the African Elephant, and my reputation for gentleness is not very good, I fear; it's nothing like my cousin's from India, that I just spoke of. I am the largest elephant in the world and the wildest, but I can appreciate a good turn just the same. You see, I have come about my teeth. No, not these long tusks. They do look impressive, don't they? They are very good to defend myself with and for rooting up trees when I want the leaves to eat, but they are also good for billiard balls and that gets me into trouble with the hunters. I certainly don't approve of billiard balls. But what was I saying? Oh, yes, about teeth. I had four fine ones, two on each jaw, and they ground up leaves and twigs splendidly, but three of them have worn off and dropped out. What can I do?"



## 24 GRAY EARS COMES TO CALL

“Why, that’s very easy, Gray Ears; don’t worry,” shouted Cheerups gaily. “Mother Nature has arranged so that when one of your teeth drops out, another one will come forward from the back of your jaw to take its place. Yes, sir, that tooth will march right up and report for duty. Maybe it sounds queer to you, but it’s true. Go home now and be patient, and before you realize it, you will have all the teeth you need,” and Cheerups ran quickly down Gray Ears’ long trunk and jumped to the ground with a merry chuckle.

Gray Ears stood there a minute, swinging his body from side to side and curling his trunk this way and that. He felt a little doubtful. What he had heard seemed too strange and too good to believe. Then he shook his big gray

sides and flapped his big gray ears and said:

“Thank you ever so much for your kindness, Mr. Cheerups. I’ll be going now, but I’ll come back later to let you know about those teeth.” Then Gray Ears the Elephant ambled and shambled slowly away through the trees.





## FOURTH STORY

### LIZZIE LIZARD'S LOSS

“**G**ECK — geck — geck-o, Geck — geck — geck-o,” came a plaintive little sound from right under Cheerups’ toes. “I’d like to speak to you, if you please,” continued the small voice.

Cheerups was sitting on the edge of a toadstool, merrily swinging his feet and wondering what kind of visitor he would have next, when this tiny sound fell on his ears. He looked down and there on the ground was what seemed to be a small green lizard. It looked like a lizard and yet it did n’t, for lizards have tails

and this one had n't a speck of a sign of a tail.

"No, of course you don't know me," cried this little creature. "I am Lizzie Lizard and they call me a Gecko because that is what I say when I sing. But nobody would recognize me now, I am so changed. It serves me right, I suppose, for ever leaving my good home on the ceiling. Sometimes, though, one does long for a little adventure, so this morning I went out of doors and got my tail snapped off for my pains. I was having such a nice glide along the garden path when all of a sudden Mr. Secretary Bird swooped down and made his breakfast from my beautiful green tail."

"That's just a shame, Lizzie," said Cheerups, for he had a very tender heart. "I am most dreadfully sorry. Tell me

something about yourself. Where do you live?"

"We Geckos live in the homes of men, in hot climates all over the world, and they like us and never do us any harm because we are so useful," replied Lizzie. "Do you see these fat swollen-looking toes of mine? They are little suckers which make me able to climb up walls or windows and even to stick to ceilings. That is where I love to stay and catch flies for a living. Two or three lizards will keep a house entirely free from insects. But, oh dear, what do I care about my useful feet if I have n't any beautiful tail? I was so proud of it! Now I might as well be going," sobbed Lizzie mournfully. "I just came to you for a bit of sympathy. I am sure no one can help me."

"Now wait a minute, Lizzie dear; don't be downhearted!

"Open your ears and shut your eyes  
And I'll tell you something to make you wise,"  
sang Cheerups merrily.

Lizzie wiped her eyes on a blade of grass, shut them promptly and listened with all her might.

"If you will be patient and cheerful, forget all about your troubles and go on doing your duty at home as usual, all at once you will find that a beautiful new tail has grown in place of the old one. Mother Nature just whispered that into my ear," chirped Cheerups, "and so I know it's true,

"Don't grieve  
But just believe."

Lizzie beamed all over with gratitude.

"I will begin to forget my troubles

right away, and I'll do my duty as soon as I get home. Good-by and thank you a whole heartful," cried she, with a little wiggle of joy, as she slipped off through the tall Jungle grasses.



## FIFTH STORY

# HONEY RATEL'S SWEET TOOTH

“**I** BELIEVE there is a traveling circus coming, Boys,” cried Cheerups one warm lazy afternoon. “Here are the acrobats, as sure as I live! Look, Brighteyes; don’t you see them?”

“Oh, yes, sir,” piped Brighteyes; “and are n’t they funny? If they did n’t tumble about so, I’d say they were old ladies wearing gray waists and black skirts.”

“That *is* an odd costume for acrobats, Brighteyes,” replied Cheerups thoughtfully. “Maybe we are mistaken. Let’s



### 34 HONEY RATEL'S SWEET TOOTH

wait until they come closer and then greet them nicely. Now try not to giggle, Sniffsniff! It's always wisest to be polite, and politeness is only kindness, after all."

Just at that time two small gray and black animals trotted up in single file, stopped right in front of Cheerups and turned head over heels one after the other. Then they picked themselves up and said coolly, as if nothing unusual had happened, "Good afternoon, Mr. Cheerups; we rolled over to see you for a few minutes and inquire after your health."

"Now that was nice of you, to be sure," replied Cheerups. "I am quite well, thank you; and you are too, I should judge, from the exercise you have been taking to-day."

“Oh, yes; Mrs. Ratel and I are feeling splendidly,” said one of the little black and gray visitors. “We did enjoy our tumble through the Jungle. It would have been quite perfect if it had n’t been for one thing which upset Mrs. Ratel a little. I won’t go so far as to say it spoiled our day, but it *was* upsetting.”

“So these are the Ratels I have heard about,” thought Cheerups to himself. “What was it which bothered you on your way over, Mr. Ratel? Do please tell us,” then said he cordially. “If it’s any kind of an adventure, we are just ready, are n’t we, Quixie Boys? These are my friends, — Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff. It has been a dull day in the Jungle and we were longing for something to happen.”

“Well, you see, sir, Mrs. Ratel is very

### 36 HONEY RATEL'S SWEET TOOTH

fond of the sweets which those busy creatures called bees have a way of storing up in their nests. Is n't that true, Honey? I call her Honey just as a joke, sir."

"Yes, I must admit my failing," murmured Mrs. Ratel shyly. "But you know that honey is very good, and you like it too."

"So I do, so I do, my dear," said Mr. Ratel good-naturedly. "Well, as we were coming along, Mrs. Ratel spied a bees' nest and she could hardly get by, she did want that honey so much; but it was a very large nest and I was afraid to have her tear it open. She was sure to be stung and have a swollen nose, and really, sir, a swollen nose when you are going to make a first call is n't the thing at all. I'm sure you will agree with

that. A swollen nose, indeed!" spluttered Mr. Ratel indignantly. "So I persuaded her not to touch the bees' nest."

"You just said that I must n't," replied Honey in a small voice, "if that's what you call persuading."

"So here we are, sir," cried Mr. Ratel, paying no attention to what Honey had said. "But I know that neither of us will be able to resist that nest if we take the same way home. You see what a problem it is, sir."

"But I don't know why you should be afraid of bees," said Cheerups. "You belong to the Badger family, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," chimed the two Ratels in chorus. "We are Badgers and proud of it. There are just two branches of Ratels; one lives in India and the other here in Africa."

## 38 HONEY RATEL'S SWEET TOOTH

“As I was saying, then,” resumed Cheerups, “you don’t need to be afraid of those bees. There is n’t a bee in the world that could sting through three such heavy coats as you have on. First comes your thick coat of fur, then one of loose skin and then a layer of fat. You are really wearing your overcoat, rain coat and sweater all at once.”

“Oh, is n’t that wonderful, Honey?” beamed Mr. Ratel. “Thank you very much, Mr. Cheerups, for telling us about our useful coats. Now we won’t have to avoid that nest.”

“Had n’t we better be going, my dear?” gurgled Mrs. Ratel gleefully. “I can hardly wait to be off,” and she squirmed with delight at the thought of the sweets that were awaiting her on the way home.

“Good-by, Mr. Cheerups,” called Mr. Ratel. “We’ll bring you some honey one of these days,” and with a parting somersault the two little visitors started down the Winding Way.

“Remember not to hurt the bees, and don’t take *all* the honey,” called Cheerups after them.

“We’ll try not to,” came two faint voices through the warm afternoon air.





## SIXTH STORY

### MR. LION FINDS HIMSELF IN A TIGHT PLACE

“**M**<sup>y</sup> dear,” growled Mr. Lion softly to Mrs. Lion, one warm evening just before dark, “I have something on my mind. I am worried.”

“I’ve noticed that you were n’t quite yourself lately,” purred Mrs. Lion kindly, “and if it’s a problem you can’t solve, why don’t you go to this famous Cheer-ups that Gray Ears the Elephant is so excited about?”

“Now, Mother Lion, have you been talking to Gray Ears?” said Mr. Lion

## 42 MR. LION IN A TIGHT PLACE

with his most severe frown. "Did n't I tell you never to do that? He's about the only animal in the Jungle that we have reason to fear and then you run right into danger. I am really vexed with you."

"Goodness, no, Father, I'm not so foolish as that," replied Mrs. Lion. "I was safely hidden in the tall grasses and overheard what Gray Ears was saying to Lizzie Lizard. He talks so loud that nobody can help hearing, and we have very good ears in the Lion family, you know. They talked a long time about this Cheerups person, and both agreed that he had told them some wonderful things. Maybe he could help you too."

"It's worth trying, my dear," said Mr. Lion. "Your advice is often good. I'll set out now to find this wise one."



When he saw only Mr. Lion's two shiny eyes, like balls of fire coming toward him, he was most astonished. *Page 43.*



“Good luck,” called Mother Lion, as she turned back to the cave and gave her sleepy little babies, Tawny and Fuzzy, a pat with her big soft paw.

Down the Winding Way went Mr. Lion, along by the Yellow River and through the Twisty Vines, until he came to the little clear place where Cheerups lived. Mr. Lion’s eyes are made so that he can see as well at night as in the daytime, and he discovered the little palm-leaf house which the Quixies had built for Cheerups, even though it had grown quite dark and the first Twinkly Star was out.

But Cheerups could n’t see so clearly as that, and Brighteyes was sound asleep on his spider web. So when he saw only Mr. Lion’s two shiny eyes, like balls of fire coming toward him, he was most



## 44 MR. LION IN A TIGHT PLACE

astonished. "Had the moon dropped out of the sky and broken in two from the fall?" thought he. "Maybe there was going to be a garden party in the Jungle and the lanterns were just being lighted. Or could it be possible that the animals had automobiles and these two bright spots were headlights?"

"Goodness, but they are getting close! I guess I'd better play policeman and stop the traffic. That will be fun," said Cheerups to himself. "Stop!" he shouted as loud as he could. "You are running into some one!"

"And begging your pardon, sir, that's just what I want to do," came a low rumbling purr. "I don't mean exactly run into you, of course," the voice went on, for Mr. Lion is the politest animal in the world, "but just up to your front



door, so to speak. Are you by any chance a very famous and kind person named Cheerups?"

"That is what I am called," replied Cheerups, who was rather bewildered by this voice out of the dark. "But I should like very much to know who is my visitor. Oh, Brighteyes, did you happen to bring the Magic Spectacles with you? There, that's better," sighed Cheerups, as he put on the spectacles which sleepy Brighteyes took from his pocket. They made him look so wise that Mr. Lion's confidence grew.

"Now I see that it's Mr. Lion with whom I have the honor to speak. I have always wanted to meet His Majesty the King of the Beasts. If I were n't too small, I should like to shake your paw, sir. Being small is a great drawback,

## 46 MR. LION IN A TIGHT PLACE

Mr. Lion, unless you are in a tight place,” said Cheerups.

“And speaking of tight places,” cried Mr. Lion, “now that you have started the subject, that’s the very thing I came to see you about.”

## SEVENTH STORY

### MR. LION'S WHISKERS

“GOODNESS gracious!” cried Cheerups, with a chuckle. “Just think of little me being able to do something for the King of the Beasts. I have always wanted to be helpful, but I never dreamed of that. What did you say was troubling you, Your Highness?”

“Oh, please don’t be formal, Mr. Cheerups,” said the Lion, with a gracious wave of his tail. “Plain Mr. Lion is nicer between friends. But to get back to important things, I have been most dreadfully worried lately. You

may think that because I am strong and fierce, there is nothing in the whole Jungle of which I am afraid; but, dear me, what a mistaken notion that is! Gray Ears the Elephant is often more than a match for me; sometimes Gemsbok the Antelope is able to thrust his long, strong horns through my body; but worse still is the hunter called Man, who, for such a puny creature, seems hardest of all to escape."

"But you have your wonderful eyes which see so well in the dark, and the soft fleshy cushions under your paws which make you able to walk very quietly. Why, I don't believe my Quixie Quickear could hear you in those padded slippers. And your coat is just the color of the desert sand, so you are very hard to see in the daylight. Really, Mr.

Lion," said Cheerups, with a hint of reproof in his voice, "it seems to me that you have a great deal to protect you."

"That's a fact, now that you remind me of it; I *have* lots to be thankful for," said Mr. Lion, with such a hearty roar of delight that Cheerups almost fell out of his house in surprise. "But there's Mrs. Lion and Tawny and Fuzzy to be thought of. Who would bring them their dinner and their tea if anything should happen to me? I always get the food for them myself; in fact, I don't think much of fathers who don't provide for their families. Selfish, I say! So, you see, I need just one thing more to protect me. Sometimes when I walk through a path in the Jungle, it grows so narrow that I brush against leaves and twigs on each side, and that makes a

rustling sound or a crackling noise which tells my enemies that I am coming. Neither my keen eyes nor my soft cushioned feet do any good then. Could you suggest some way out of a tight place like that?"

"To be sure, my friend, to be sure!" cried Cheerups good-naturedly. "It's a pleasure to help such a polite husband and kind father. Now let me see, — eyes, paws, coat; why, you have forgotten your whiskers!"

"They *are* good-looking, are n't they?" said Mr. Lion proudly, trying to see himself in a dewdrop and failing.

"Now, now, sir," laughed Cheerups, "you don't think your whiskers were given you just for looks, do you? Why, everything is useful in some way, if you only know it. The next time you are



going through a trail in the Jungle, extend your whiskers straight out on both sides, and when the path grows narrower you will know it as quick as a wink. Your whiskers stretched out are exactly as wide as your body, and in each one is a tiny nerve, which when touched, telegraphs the message to your brain. So when you find out in this manner that the path is too narrow, you can turn back and take a different way."

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, that's the most astonishing thing I ever heard. I hope I can repay your kindness sometime. Now I'll go right home and tell Mrs. Lion, so she won't worry any more. I just can't wait to use my whiskers. Good night," and Mr. Lion was gone through the Jungle.



## EIGHTH STORY

### POLLY PARROT'S DILEMMA

“GOOD morning, good morning, good morning!” screamed Polly Parrot at the top of her voice. “It’s time to get up; it’s time to get up!”

“Oh, dear!” yawned Cheerups sleepily, as he stretched himself and opened one eye. “What was that noise? I did n’t tell the Quixies to call me. Oh, here’s a visitor already. How do you do, Polly Parrot! I have seen some of your cousins in the United States and so I recognized you right away. I hope you’ll excuse me

for not being dressed. I'll just slip on this bathrobe," and Cheerups wrapped a large fern snugly about him.

"Of course I'll excuse you," cried Polly, flapping her gray wings and snapping her beak, "but why people are such lazybones is more than I can tell. And that, by the way, is what I have come to see you about, — lazybones and how to cure them, I mean. But as you are one yourself, I doubt if you can tell me. You would n't go to the bat to find out how to see, now, would you?"

"Do calm down, Polly, and tell me what is the matter," said Cheerups in a gentle voice. "At least you can give me the chance to help you."

"Well," began Polly more pleasantly, "Mr. Parrot and I build our nest — no, we don't either; we don't really build a

nest at all, we just find some nice cosy hole in the trunk of a tree and there I lay my eggs. *Then* the trouble begins! For I do get so tired sitting on those eggs day and night, and Mr. Parrot never offers to help me out. It really seems to me that he ought to do his share."

"Have you asked him nicely to do so, Polly?" inquired Cheerups.

"Well, I've scolded a lot about it," replied Polly sheepishly.

"That won't do," said Cheerups, with as nearly a severe look as his merry little eyes would hold. "That won't do at all. When you go home, just ask Mr. Parrot as pleasantly as you can if he won't sit on the eggs part of the time. Mention that 'turn about is fair play,' and say that you will fly off and find a juicy worm or a bit of fruit for his supper

## 56 POLLY PARROT'S DILEMMA

while he is sitting on the nest. And, mind you, here's another good idea which may come in handy sometime. If you ever think that danger is coming too near your precious eggs, call the rest of the Parrot flock to come and help you drive off the enemy. Mother Nature tells me that they will gladly do it.

“But the very best way, as you will find,  
To get your wish, is just be kind.”

Poor Polly was so ashamed of herself that she hung her head for a minute, then she screamed delightedly, “I'll try it, Mr. Cheerups, I'll try being kind and pleasant; and I won't forget what you say about asking the other Parrots to help me, either. Thank you very much. Now I must go home, for no telling where Father Parrot is and those eggs may be getting cold.”



“Won’t you stop for a bit of bread-fruit with us?” called Cheerups.

“No, thanks, too much of a hurry,” chattered Polly and was gone.

From that day to this the rule in the Parrot family has been share and share alike.



## NINTH STORY

### MRS. OSTRICH GOES TO MARKET

**M**RS. OSTRICH was troubled. Something was wrong with the children. Her fourteen beautiful eggs, like ivory globes, had hatched into fourteen lively young birds. They had eaten gravel for several days after they came out of the shell, which all ostrich mothers know is the best thing for their young stomachs, but after that they did n't seem to thrive. Father Ostrich had brought them the tenderest leaves and twigs, and even some of those wonderful watermelons which grow

## 60 MRS. OSTRICH GOES TO MARKET

on the edge of the desert, but nothing agreed with them.

“What’s to be done, my dear?” roared Father Ostrich in his loud, important voice.

“Well, I don’t know, Father,” said Mother Ostrich, “but it does seem to me as if I could find something which would be good for the children. I don’t believe you looked far and wide. I shall go a long distance away to-day. I am a faster runner than a horse, so it will be easy.”

“I don’t know how *far* you’ll go,” said Father Ostrich a bit peevishly, for he did n’t like Mrs. Ostrich’s criticism, “but I’m sure you’ll go *wide* if you go around in circles as usual. And mind, don’t get frightened and hide your head in the sand!”

“Now, Father, don’t be cross,” said



"Now, Father, don't be cross," said Mrs. Ostrich.  
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## MRS. OSTRICH GOES TO MARKET 61

Mrs. Ostrich. "You have the same bad habits that I have, you know. Goodby, I'll be back before dark," and she trotted away over the desert, her legs moving so fast that her toes seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

"I'll have to go toward those trees and growing things over there," thought she. "There's nothing here on the desert fit for my babies to eat." And she ran so fast that all at once she found herself in the thick, deep Jungle.

"Now, I wonder," she said aloud, looking up, "if that Breadfruit would be to the children's taste."

"It looks good to me," said a small merry voice which seemed to come from right under Mrs. Ostrich's very toes. "But of course I don't know for whom you are marketing."

## 62 MRS. OSTRICH GOES TO MARKET

“Dear me,” snapped Mrs. Ostrich in surprise and alarm, “dear me, who’s interfering now?”

“It’s only Cheerups, Madam, and I thought perhaps I could help you pick out your fruit for breakfast, as you were a little uncertain,” said the voice.

“Well, well, this is luck,” cried Mrs. Ostrich, looking down at Cheerups from her eight feet of height, and winking and blinking her great eyes with their long lashes. “To think that I should run right into you, Mr. Cheerups. Why, all the Desert and Jungle Folks are talking about you and your wise words and your wonderful ways. Here I am in a terrible tangle, and you appear right in front of me to unravel it. Miraculous, I say, simply miraculous!”

“First please tell me who you are,”

smiled Cheerups, "and what is your trouble. I surely don't deserve the fame you speak of, but I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; you are so kind. You see, I am Mrs. Ostrich and I have at home fourteen as handsome little Ostrich babies as you could see any day in a twenty-mile run."

"But I could n't run twenty miles," cried Cheerups.

"Oh, excuse me," replied Mrs. Ostrich. "I forgot that you had n't the long-distance apparatus," and she looked proudly at her tall, strong legs. "Well, my babies had their gravel meals for two or three days, as was right and proper, and then they did n't seem to like the leaves and vegetables which Father Ostrich brought them. We just

## 64 MRS. OSTRICH GOES TO MARKET

can't find anything they will eat. And if they don't eat, they will die. Oh, Mr. Cheerups, I'm almost distracted!"

"Don't be anxious, Mrs. Ostrich, I beg of you," said Cheerups in a tone full of kindness. "I have a plan. Just lay a few extra eggs outside the nest and feed the wee birdlings on them until they are old enough to eat other things. And when you hatch the next brood, you might lay the extra eggs first, so the babies' breakfast will be all ready and waiting for them when they come."

"That's a splendid idea," cried Mother Ostrich. "Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Cheerups; I'll do just as you say," and off she ran at top speed toward home. Ever since, Mrs. Ostrich has followed Cheerups' advice with success.

## TENTH STORY

### DON DROMEDARY'S DISPOSITION

**N**OT in all the Great Desert is there a worse disposition than Don Dromedary's. He just can't help snarling and scolding.

He is the most valuable beast of burden in the world, because he can travel across the hot dry desert for days without anything to eat or drink. There are no trains in the Desert and even horses can't go very far, because there is no water except at the small spots called Oases, and they are many miles apart. The Dromedary, who is a very fast traveler, and his slower

## 66 DON DROMEDARY'S DISPOSITION

cousin, the Camel, are useful in other ways also to the Arab who lives in the Desert. He drinks their milk, makes tents and rugs of their skins and weaves clothes of their fine silky hair.

Oh, yes, Don Dromedary knew he was useful, but it did n't make him happy.

"I am going to break loose if I can," said he to himself one warm starry night, when the caravan had stopped to rest. "I'm going to find that wise Cheerups every one is talking about, and ask him if he does n't think mine is a very hard lot. I guess I can do it now without being noticed; Master's asleep." So Don Dromedary strained and strained and pulled and pulled at his rope, gently but with great strength, until up came the stake to which he was tied and away he trotted into the soft black night.



The Jungle was many miles away, and Don Dromedary knew it. "But miles are nothing to the Ship of the Desert," muttered he to himself, as he ran with long swinging strides. "I must be almost there. I've been going every bit of ten miles an hour." And sure enough, the shadow of the great Jungle trees already rose before him.

"Well, here's for it," said Don, as he plunged down the Winding Way. "I'm not so well acquainted here though, as out in the open. Maybe I'd better stop and get my bearings. Let me see, there's the Tall Palm Tree and the Great Breadfruit Tree, but what in the world is that?"

"That's what I say too," cried a small jolly voice out of the darkness. "I was just having my first forty winks, and I'd

## 68 DON DROMEDARY'S DISPOSITION

like to know who comes calling on Cheerups at this time of night."

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, is that really you?" cried Don Dromedary. "I have broken away from the caravan, asleep under the stars, and come many miles to see you. For once in my life I am lucky!"

"Once in your life, you say?" mumbled Cheerups sleepily. "Well, are n't you ashamed, Don Dromedary? You are one of the luckiest in all the Great Desert."

"But I am not satisfied," snarled Don, with a sneer on his surly curly lips. "I'm not satisfied."

"What is the trouble?" asked Cheerups kindly. He was wide-awake by this time and eager to help.

"Everything is the trouble, sir," grumbled Don. "Nothing is right. In the

first place, when I am on a long journey across the Desert, I rarely get anything to eat. Sometimes my master gives me a few dates, but I'm lucky if I find a thorn bush to nibble on."

"But there's your splendid fat hump from which your body gets its food all through the trip," cried Cheerups. "A very handy way of carrying your lunch when you are traveling, I should say. To be sure, your hump is flat when you reach your destination because it has all been used, but a few weeks of hearty eating fills it up again."

"Of course, that is true," admitted Don, "but I seldom have a drink of water on the journey."

"Now, Don Dromedary, how can you complain, with all those deep cells full of water in your stomach. You can carry

## 70 DON DROMEDARY'S DISPOSITION

over a gallon, enough to quench your thirst for five or six days."

"You are right about the water, Mr. Cheerups," said Don; "but how would you like to tramp along, day in and day out, in soft heavy sand?"

"Just look at your feet," cried Cheerups, who was beginning to be a little impatient with this fussy complainer. "They are made with broad spreading cushions so you don't sink into the sand at all. A horse with his small hard hoofs would be tired in two hours' travel over the Desert. I should think Softfoot had been fitting the magic slippers on you, your feet are so beautifully padded."

"I don't care," grunted the fretful Don. "I have to stand while terrible sand storms rage about me and my mas-

ter lies face downward on the ground and avoids most of it."

"Yes, most of it, most of it, sir, but not *all* of it, as you do. If you were n't such a naughty, spoiled boy, Don Dromedary, I'd have to laugh," said Cheerups, smiling. "You are really too absurd! Why, you can close your nostrils to keep the sand out, and your long thick eyelashes protect your eyes. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, anyway, I'm cross and unhappy," snapped the great black Dromedary.

"That's the whole trouble," cried Cheerups gleefully. "It's a new disposition you need! Your bad temper is all that makes you miserable. No one can make you kind, good-natured and contented but yourself, Don Dromedary."

## 72 DON DROMEDARY'S DISPOSITION

Now go back to the caravan and try to be cheerful and look on the best side of things. You will find that not only you yourself will be happier, but every one who knows you."

Poor Don was really ashamed by this time. He knew so well that all Cheerups had said was true that he could n't look him in the eye. In a very small voice, with his head hanging almost to the ground, he said, "Really, I will try to be good, Mr. Cheerups. Thank you." Then he turned about and dashed back into the Desert.



## ELEVENTH STORY

# THE PROBLEM OF THE NERVOUS GNU

**I**T was a very trying moment for Mr. Gnu. He had just begun to wonder what kind of an animal he really was. All his friends were quite sure which family they belonged to. There was Mrs. Ostrich, Raffy Giraffe, Swift the Antelope, Springy Gazelle and Zippy Zebra, his jolly neighbors on the Great Plain. Each knew without a doubt where he belonged in the Animal World.

“But here am I,” grumbled Mr. Gnu, “with the head and horns of a bull, the mane and tail of a horse and

the body and legs of an antelope; just a mixture like patchwork. It's most embarrassing."

He took a sudden leap into the air, alighted on the ground and began to paw and wheel about like a frisky horse, which is a funny way Gnus have of doing when they are excited and disturbed. Then, kicking up his heels and flourishing his long tail, the Nervous Gnu scampered across the Broad Sunny Plain at top speed.

Soon the Great Trees and Twisty Vines of the edge of the Jungle loomed before him. Their cool shade looked very inviting to Mr. Gnu.

"I have n't been in there for a long time," thought he. "I wonder what's going on in the Jungle these days. The same old Lions and Leopards are there, I



“Don’t be alarmed,” called a merry voice from the peak of the small palm-leaf roof. *Page 75.*





suppose, and they would like a nice juicy Something-or-other like me for supper. But I can't help that; I've just got to go in and look around for myself, it's so mysterious and exciting."

Now the Nervous Gnu is about the most curious animal in the world, so he lost no time in trotting down the Winding Way into the heart of the Jungle. He was timid and suspicious, of course, but his curiosity quite got the better of him.

"Oh, what's that?" whinnied he with a jump, as he came suddenly into the clearing and saw Cheerups' little house standing there. "I don't believe it means anything good, whatever it is, and yet I should like to know."

"Don't be alarmed," called a merry voice from the peak of the small palm-leaf roof. "I know it looks queer, but

I just got up here on top of my house for a change and a better view of things. I'm Cheerups; is there anything I can do for you to-day?"

"Why — why — yes, sir, there is," stammered the Gnu, remembering all of a sudden the knotty question which had troubled him that morning. "I'd like to know what I am. Now there's a poser for you! You see my chums, Raffy Giraffe, Mrs. Ostrich, Springy Gazelle, Swift the Antelope and Zippy Zebra, all know who they are. We are very happy and sociable out on the Broad Plain, sir, but I am bothered about my family tree."

"What is your name?" asked Cheerups kindly.

"They call me the Nervous Gnu, Mr. Cheerups, because I am so easily flus-



tered. But who would n't be if he had the head and horns of a bull, the mane and tail of a horse and the body and legs of an antelope, and did n't know at all what he is and who are his relations? It's confusing, I say."

"Now don't be disturbed, Mr. Gnu," said Cheerups, smiling and nodding his topknot merrily. "There is n't a bit of doubt in my mind what you are. You are an antelope. Don't you see that your body and legs — the greater part of you — are like those of the antelope family? So there you are! The question is settled as neatly as can be."

"Oh, I had n't thought of that," gasped the Gnu. "It's funny how you don't think of things, is n't it? I see now that you are perfectly right, Mr. Cheerups. That's really a wonderful idea."

How you have relieved my mind! Thank you, thank you!"

"Now you can go back to your happy little neighborhood on the Broad Plain and know just where you stand. Swift the Antelope and Springy Gazelle are your cousins, remember! But please do be careful about being curious, Mr. Gnu," called Cheerups.

"Curiosity carries you far  
And teaches you much, I hear,  
But caution tells you not to stray  
Where danger is lurking near."

"I'll try to remember all you have told me, Mr. Cheerups," cried the Nervous Gnu, kicking his heels joyfully in the air, and with a final switch of his tail he made off at top speed in the direction of his friends on the Broad Plain.

## TWELFTH STORY

# RANNY RHINO HAS THE BLUES

“**H**o, hum!” grunted Ranny Rhino, as he rolled over in the muddy water of the Yellow River and turned one tiny shiny eye toward Big Bright Mr. Sun who was just going down behind the tall Palm Tree.

“I suppose I might as well get up and look for my supper. It’s a long way to the nearest plantation, but that sugar cane is well worth it. Maybe I’ll find some bamboo too. Nothing is much fun, though, when you can’t see well, now is it?” he grumbled, as he caught

sight of Polly Parrot in the tree above him.

“Well, that depends on what you are trying to see,” cried Polly saucily. “If it’s a joke or your duty, then I say it’s all very well to have good eyesight, but —”

“Oh, Polly, please do be sensible,” wailed Ranny. “I’m serious about this, really I am. I go ploughing around with these dull little eyes of mine, charging at things and generally missing them. Even if I don’t get into much trouble because I am big and folks are afraid of the two fierce horns on my nose, still I never feel comfortable because I am so in doubt about danger being near.”

“Big, Ranny Rhino! Why, I should think you were. There’s nobody in the whole Jungle larger, except Gray Ears

the Elephant. And what you are grumbling about I don't know, when you are so swift that you can outrun a horse. Then there's your keen scent and your two fine horns. Your cousin in India has n't but one. You've a nose to be proud of, I say."

"Yes, I know all that, Polly, but I can't help it; I'm blue," complained Ranny. "You seem jolly this morning; I wish you could make me feel so."

"Well, I am happy, Ranny Rhino. It does n't take good eyesight to find that out, does it? And I'll just take you to the person who made me so, if you would like to go. Maybe he can help you too. His name is Cheerups, and he came all the way from America to broaden his acquaintance. I should

## 82 RANNY RHINO HAS THE BLUES

think he would like you, Ranny; goodness knows, you are broad enough."

"How lovely that is of you, Polly!" said Ranny, opening his mouth in a wide smile and showing so many teeth that Polly gave a little shiver and moved away. It did n't look to her like a good place for an accidental fall.

"Yes, Cheerups showed me how to make Mr. Parrot do his share of sitting on our nest. And what do you suppose he told me? Why, just to be kind and polite. It sounds simple, but it worked. So that's the reason I can be away this morning. I don't have to worry any more about my fine eggs getting cold. Come on now, Ranny, let's be off to find Cheerups," chuckled Polly.

Ranny was so pleased and happy that he came right out of the water and



frisked along by the Yellow River, down the Winding Way and through the Twisty Vines, with Polly Parrot flying overhead, until they came to the little clear place in the Jungle where Cheer-ups lived.



## THIRTEENTH STORY

### THE MAGIC EAR MUFFS

“**D**ON'T go any farther, Ranny,” screamed Polly Parrot, “or you'll step on it! Goodness, Mr. Cheerups, I was so frightened! Please excuse me for not saying good morning, but my friend Ranny Rhino nearly kicked over your house a minute ago. He really could n't help it, though. You see, his eyesight is very bad.”

“I'm glad to see you both,” cried Cheerups, looking out of his door and waving his hand in greeting. “It's a fine morning, Ranny!”

“Yes, it is, sir, thank you, sir,” stam-

mered Ranny, who was a little confused by Polly's screams. "It really was n't my fault that I almost crushed your house. That's just what I came to see you about."

"Well, I'll admit that it is a bit upsetting to be nearly stepped on," said Cheerups, smiling, "but I am sure you did n't do it on purpose, Ranny."

"Oh, no indeed, sir, really I did n't," exclaimed Ranny. "I am not ill-natured if I am not hurt, and I am quite shy, though you might not believe it."

"Something ought to be done for such a good boy, it seems to me," said Cheerups, nodding his topknot merrily. "Now if your hearing were very sharp, it would n't matter so much about your eyesight, would it? Quickear, Quickear! Where is that young scamp, I wonder?"

Oh, there you are; that's good! Hurry with the Magic Ear Muffs!" and Quixie Quickear struggled up, dragging a pair of ear muffs almost as large as himself.

"Now fit the ear muffs on our friend, Mr. Rhino," said Cheerups.

Quickear looked at Softfoot, who had come along to see who the callers were, and Softfoot looked at Quickear. How to do it, — that was the question. Suddenly Softfoot whispered something to Quickear and up the tree they both scrambled, quick as a flash, pulling the great ear muffs after them. Then from an overhanging bough they dropped the Magic Ear Muffs right down on Ranny Rhino's ears.

Ranny was startled, most dreadfully startled, but he wanted to be polite, because he knew Cheerups was trying to

help him. So he tried to look pleasant and his smile grew and grew until it was so wide and alarming that the Quixies thought he was splitting in two. Even Cheerups drew a little nearer to the shelter of his house.

“*Now*, shake them off, Mr. Rhino!” called Quickear and Softfoot from the tree top. And Ranny, with a mighty toss of his head, sent the Magic Ear Muffs flying into the bushes.

“After this,” said Cheerups gleefully, “you will have no trouble with your hearing and it won’t make so much difference about your eyes.”

Ranny Rhino began to dance and frisk about with joy. He looked so like a brown barrel trying to be lively that the Quixies giggled. But his heart was light if his footsteps were n’t.



“I want to try my ears right away,” he cried. “I believe I could hear the rustle of a butterfly’s wing. Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; I’m so grateful! I’ll take you to the finest sugar-cane plantation in Africa any time you want to go. It’s just delicious! Or maybe you would like bamboo better.”

“Not to-day, thank you, Ranny,” laughed Cheerups. “But come and see us again soon!”

“All right, sir, I will. Good-by, everybody!” and Ranny Rhino trudged away into the Jungle, pricking up his ears and listening as he went.



## FOURTEENTH STORY

### RAFFY GIRAFFE FINDS HIS TONGUE

**O**NE warm sunny day, Cheerups was sitting on the ground near his little house in the Jungle and looking lazily up into the great trees. He was looking to see if any fruit were growing handy. "I'll send Soft-foot or Brighteyes up to get it if I find some," thought he. Then suddenly he spied a long gold-colored face, all covered with brown spots, and two big solemn eyes looking down at him. Cheerups was most too astonished to breathe. "Gracious, that's a new kind

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of fruit to me!” Then as his eyes traveled slowly down, down, over about eight feet of neck and along about ten feet more of body and leg, he had the surprise of his life.

“It’s an animal!” cried Cheerups out loud. “But it must be the tallest one in the world.”

Then the funny head at the top of the long neck began to nod. Up and down it nodded and nodded.

“Well, I must have said the right thing that time,” murmured Cheerups. “But why does n’t he talk, instead of nodding in that silly fashion? He probably thinks I can’t hear so far away. What he needs is a telephone.”

“That’s Raffy Giraffe, Mr. Cheerups,” called Jack the Monkey, who was sitting up in the Tall Palm Tree eating dates.

“He can hear what you say but he can’t talk. He has n’t any voice. Raffy, and Boomer Kangaroo who lives in Australia, are the only animals in the world who can’t make a sound. Funny the way men talk about dumb animals, is n’t it? I guess nobody in his right senses would call *me* that,” chattered Jacky with a chuckle.

“So you’ve lost your tongue, have you, Raffy?” inquired Cheerups kindly. “That’s a pity!”

Then quick as a flash out of Raffy’s mouth shot the longest, slimmest tongue Cheerups had ever seen. It was so twisty and slender that it looked as if it could wrap around anything and tie in a bowknot.

Cheerups just could n’t help laughing. He laughed and laughed. To think

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of having almost the longest tongue in the world and not using it for anything! It was too funny. Then he caught sight of the sad look in Raffy's eyes and realized that what seems funny to one person may be no laughing matter to another.

"I'm very sorry," sighed Cheerups. "Something is wrong somewhere, and I'd love to help you, but how can I when I don't know what is wanted?"

"I can tell you," chirped Jacky Monk. "I have watched Raffy a lot. He has the longest neck in the world. There isn't a reacher anywhere who can compare with him, but when he is eating leaves in the tops of the trees, there are always a few just a little beyond him and those seem to be the very ones he wants most. He ought to be satisfied



with those he can get, but I know he is n't, by the look in his eyes. Isn't that so, Raffy?"

Raffy nodded his head, switched his tail and swayed his long neck back and forth. It was evident that Jacky had told his difficulty exactly.

Cheerups was thinking very hard indeed. Then joyfully he shouted, "Why, of course, it's your tongue that can do it. If you can't talk with it, it ought to be good for something. Your tongue is long and slender, and you can stretch it out for those leaves. It has prehensile or grasping power too, like the tails of the South American monkeys. You can pick a single leaf or even a blade of grass with it. It can be made short or long, wide or narrow. Now isn't that a gift to be happy about? There's another

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thing, Raffy: sometimes the trees you feed on are rough and thorny and hurt your tender nose, so just close your nostrils to protect them. You can do it, I know."

Raffy looked delighted. He closed his nostrils immediately to see if he could. Then he ran out his long tongue and nipped off a leaf high up in the Breadfruit Tree. Then he looked at Cheerups with eyes full of gratitude, kicked up his heels, switched his tail joyfully and ran off through the Jungle.

"But remember," called Cheerups after him, "that the things which are out of reach are often no better than those just at hand. I hope he heard it," murmured Cheerups thoughtfully.

## FIFTEENTH STORY

### CHEERUPS DISCOVERS A TRAPDOOR

CHEERUPS gave a gasp of surprise when he discovered that the ground was rising under him. He was standing right in his own front yard, not a step from his little palm-leaf house; and where could any one be safer than in his own front yard? Yet there was no mistake about it, the ground under Cheerups was moving.

With a little spring he jumped to one side and then *what* do you suppose happened? A small piece of earth like a tiny lid popped right up just where he had

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been standing and out poked a little head.

“Good morning, Mr. Cheerups,” said a small voice from under the lid. “I’m Mrs. Spider, Mrs. Trapdoor Spider, and your nearest neighbor, I guess, so I thought I would be friendly and make the first call.” With that out climbed Mrs. Spider on to the ground and stood eying Cheerups, as if a little doubtful of her welcome.

“I am glad to know you,” replied Cheerups, as cordially as he could for his surprise, “but I never dreamed —”

“No, of course you did n’t,” cried Mrs. Spider with a merry twinkle in at least six of her eight round eyes. “Nobody would be expected to dream of a neighbor’s house right under his nose, or his toes rather. But that’s the best part of

## CHEERUPS DISCOVERS A TRAPDOOR 99

it, you see, sir! My house is tucked away so snugly under your yard that you would hardly notice that I'm there. Do you think you'll mind?"

"Not at all, not at all," chuckled Cheerups, beginning to be amused. "But I would like to know something about this curious house of yours. How do you build it?"

"I don't; I just dig it," hummed Mrs. Spider. "I dig with my fangs way down deep into the earth — oh, about two feet, — then I carry away all the dirt I've dug out and hide it, so no one will know I have been digging. Now I call that clever, don't you?"

"I should say so," gasped Cheerups, growing more and more astonished every minute.

"And now you are wondering why my

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house does n't get wet in a heavy shower," continued Mrs. Spider. "But you see, I always choose a location where the water will run off—the side of a bank, for instance—and I make my tunnel turn a little to one side at the bottom."

"Then it's just the shape of a stocking, is n't it?" cried Cheerups, clapping his hands.

"Well, whatever a stocking may be I don't know," sniffed Mrs. Spider, "but I find that a comfortable way to build, anyway."

"Why, don't you know about stockings, Mrs. Spider?" said Cheerups. "They are *such* useful things! They are what boys and girls hang up on Christmas Eve and find full of sweetmeats and nuts and lovely presents in the morning."



“Bless me, but you do say funny things, Mr. Cheerups!” spluttered Mrs. Spider, growing a little cross. “These above-earth folks, with their queer ways and big words, are beyond my understanding. The sensible ones all live below ground, I guess.”

“Oh, please do excuse me, Mrs. Spider,” pleaded Cheerups. “I was only teasing a little, and honestly, I would n’t miss the rest of your story for anything. I just can’t wait to hear more about that wonderful house.”

“Well, it is n’t very polite to interrupt, I must say, Mr. Cheerups,” said Mrs. Spider with a gentle little hum. “But if you’ll be good, I’ll go on, and maybe I will tell you how I furnish my house too.”



## SIXTEENTH STORY

### MRS. SPIDER GETS ADVICE

“**L**ET’S see, where was I?” said Mrs. Spider, as she settled down on a piece of moss beside Cheerups for a good long talk.

“You were just telling me about your wonderful house,” replied Cheerups; “how you dig a tunnel two feet deep and hide all the earth you have dug out, so no one will discover where you are building.”

“Yes, that’s the very place; and didn’t I promise to tell you how I furnish my little home too? Well, I just line the

tunnel I have dug with two sheets of silk which I spin myself. It's the same kind of silk of which other spiders make their webs. The lining next the earth is coarse and waterproof, but the one inside is very fine and soft. That sounds comfy, does n't it?" said Mrs. Spider proudly.

"I should say so," cried Cheerups, "but you are forgetting the trapdoor. That seems to me the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh, no, I'm not forgetting, Mr. Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider. "I'm just leaving the best till the last, like frosting, you know. First I have to measure the doorway with my feelers, then I spin a little silken pad exactly the right size and shape, which I make sticky with my own special kind of glue. This

pad I sprinkle with bits of earth; then comes another pad of silk and so on, until I think the door is thick enough. It's quite like a layer cake."

"Well, whatever it's like, it's certainly very remarkable," said Cheerups, his eyes round with wonder. "And then how do you fasten it on?"

"Why, with a hinge, of course, silly," piped Mrs. Spider, "a hinge of silk, and I put it on the outside too, so the door will close of its own weight after me. I don't believe in any more work than necessary. But I do go so far as to cover my front door with bits of dirt and tiny stones. Then, unless I am just coming out, no one would know it from the rest of the ground."

"Now I call that very complete!" said Cheerups admiringly; "just a per-

fectly snug little home! What more could any one want?"

"Yes, it is that, sir; it's all of that, and yet," sighed Mrs. Spider, "it's not as safe as it sounds. If an unwelcome visitor wanted to come and pull up the door he could, in spite of me. There's something lacking, but I can't think what it is; yes, something lacking."

"Mmmmmm," murmured Cheerups. "Let me see. I have it, Mrs. Spider! Spin some threads of silk, fasten them to the inside of your door, and then sit on the other ends when you don't want to be disturbed."

"That's a splendid idea, Mr. Cheerups. How good you are to help me out. But suppose an enemy came along who was stronger than I and pulled open my door



by force. I could never hold it down with those threads."

"Then build a little side tunnel leading from your house to run into until the danger is past, Mrs. Spider," said Cheerups.

"Well really, sir, you astonish me," gasped Mrs. Spider. "I thought I was clever, but you are both clever and kind, and that's much better. I shall try not to bother you, but I shall certainly call again when I want advice. Good morning, sir!" and the tiny trapdoor clicked behind Mrs. Spider as she dropped into her cosy little home.



## SEVENTEENTH STORY

### JERRY JERBOA'S JOKE

“**T**EE hee hee, tee hee hee,” chuckled a very small voice right at Cheerup’s elbow. “I’ve just thought of the funniest thing!”

“I think you might tell a fellow, so he could laugh too,” said Cheerups, catching sight of a small sand-colored animal on the ground close beside him. “It is n’t fair to keep good jokes to one’s self.”

“Mercy, no; I did n’t mean to,” said the small animal. “I’m Jerry Jerboa, sir, and I ask you, as man to man, don’t I look like a bird? Just watch me hop-

ping around here on my long hind legs and look at my two fore feet, so short and tucked up against my breast that you would hardly notice them. Now tell me, would n't you take me for a bird, Mr. Cheerups?"

"*Well,*" said Cheerups doubtfully, "maybe I would at a little distance, maybe I would. You do look something like one."

"There!" cried Jerry gleefully. "I *told* you I looked like a bird, and the joke is that I'm *not* one! No, sir, not at all, as you would know if you noticed my long tail with its jolly tuft of hair on the end. A great blessing, that tail, I can tell you. When I am leaping about, I just stretch it out and keep my balance beautifully."

"You are very lucky to have such a



“Wouldn’t you take me for a bird, Mr. Cheerups?”

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good rudder, Mr. Jerboa," said Cheerups, "and I see that you are just the color of sand too. Do you live in the Great Desert?"

"Yes, sir, you've guessed it the very first thing. My, but you are clever, Mr. Cheerups," cried Jerry Jerboa. "I live in a burrow in the sand, and you are right about my being lucky, of course, because my color almost matches the Desert and I can hardly be seen; but there is one thing which troubles me a little: the sand is so slippery that I find it hard to get a good hold with my two usable feet, and you have to have a good hold when you are jumping."

"Maybe my Quixie Softfoot can help you, Jerry, if he has n't run away to-day," said Cheerups.

"Here I am, sir, — did I hear my name,

sir? And you would n't be wanting the Magic Slippers by any chance, would you, sir?" piped Softfoot, running up and tugging at a large pair of slippers as he came.

"Just in time, Softfoot," shouted Cheerups. "Now, Jerry, put on these Magic Slippers and I think your troubles will be over."

"*Over!* Well, I guess they would," laughed Jerry, looking up at the great slippers which towered over him. "Everything would be over with me if I once got lost in those slippers. But if you are really serious, Mr. Cheerups, I'll try them — here goes!" and with one bound Jerry Jerboa jumped into the slippers and was lost to view. Only a faint chuckle was heard, and a voice from their depths said, "Well, this is the

greatest joke of all. The whole of me is in one slipper."

"Now come out, quick," called Soft-foot, and out leaped Jerry, smiling but still doubtful about this strange performance.

"If you will take a look at your feet now, Jerry, you will find that your jolly good tail is n't the only thing which has long hairs on it. Your feet are covered with them, and there will be no more slipping on the sand," said Cheerups kindly.

"Well, I must say that's nice," cried Jerry, "and I am most grateful to you both, and the slipper as well. I managed to get into only one."

"Remember too that the hairs on your feet will keep the hot sands from burning them," said Cheerups.

"Well, I don't go out very often in

the daytime, Mr. Cheerups, for the darkness seems safer. I made a special exception of this, so as not to disturb your sleep. But I don't know when I've had such a good time. I wish you would come out to the Great Desert some evening. I would invite in a few friends and we'd have a lovely time," chirped merry little Jerry Jerboa, as he hopped away through the Jungle.

## EIGHTEENTH STORY

### THE CRUSTY CROCODILE

“**D**EAR, dear, but this has been a dull day,” yawned Cheerups, stretching his arms above his head and brushing away a passing fly. “Home life is splendid, but a change now and then is good too. I’m going for a walk! Come on, Quixie Boys; what do you say to a stroll down by the Yellow River?”

Of course, Brighteyes, Quickear, Soft-foot and Sniffsniff were willing. Their eyes were sparkling and their feet dancing already with anticipation of a good time and maybe a real adventure, for

who knows what may be just behind the next slender palm tree or that fat bush over there with the big blue flowers?

So in single file down the Winding Way they went, Cheerups in the lead with the Quixies behind, keeping their eyes on Cheerups' little red shoes as they twinkled in and out of the Tall Grasses. They did n't want to lose sight of their leader and the promised lark.

On and on they trudged until they came to the Yellow River, and there, on the muddy bank in the shade of an old date palm which had been bearing fruit for hundreds of years, lay a rough brown log. Just a splendid place for weary folks to rest.

"Whew, but I'm tired," puffed Quick-ear, "tired and hot. Let's sit down for a while!"



“That’s a good idea,” said Cheerups, fanning himself with a leaf. “It’s very warm exercising.”

“Oh, don’t,” cried Brighteyes, just as they were about to settle down on the old rough log. “Please don’t sit there; you might hurt his feelings!”

“Whose feelings, for goodness’ sake, Brighteyes? You do say the queerest things,” scolded Sniffsniff. “It won’t hurt mine certainly. You forget that we have n’t all of us Softfoot’s padded slippers. We are tired!”

“But don’t you see those round shiny eyes in the end of the log?” cried Brighteyes. “It’s Mr. Alligator, I do believe. Now would n’t it have been funny if we had all sat on him?” and Brighteyes clapped his hands gleefully.

“You must n’t be rude even to a log

of wood, Brighteyes, for you see there's no telling what it might turn out to be. Ahem, good afternoon, Mr. Alligator," said Cheerups, in his best manner. "I am sorry we did n't recognize you at once."

"Crocodile, if you please, sir; Crocodile is my name," rumbled the log. "Some call me the Crusty Crocodile, but there's really no reason for it; they are only the ones who don't like me. When you mistook my name you were probably thinking of my American cousins, the Alligator Boys. As to the fact that you did n't recognize me at once, I'm not in the least' offended. I like to look like a log as I lie here in the mud. It's a great way to keep out of the eye of one's enemies; very good camouflage, I say. Yes I'm really quite pleased that you did n't know me."

“But I’m afraid we disturbed your doze in the nice warm sun,” said Cheer-ups pleasantly. “We’ll go away now and let you finish your nap.”

“Nap, did you say; nap, Mr. Cheer-ups?” snapped the Crusty Crocodile. “Well, upon my word,” opening his great mouth in a terrific smile, “it did look as if I were asleep, didn’t it? But there are very few who catch me napping, I can tell you.”

“I hear that you can stay under water a long time, Mr. Crocodile,” said Cheer-ups, trying to keep him in a good humor.

“Right you are, Mr. Cheerups,” and the Crocodile beamed with pleasure that his fame had spread so far. “I can stay under water with my mouth wide open too, and that’s more than any of you can do, I’ll wager.”

“Goodness! I should say so!” gasped the Quixies in chorus.

“That sounds a bit like a fish story, Crusty,” teased Cheerups, “but of course I know it is n’t,” he added hastily, as the Crocodile began to open his jaws and show his rows of terrible teeth.

“No fish story about that,” he rumbled and grumbled. “I’ll take you under water with me, if you would like to prove it.”

“Oh, no, thank you, Crusty,” cried Cheerups in alarm. “I am perfectly sure you are right about it, but what I want to know is how you do such a wonderful thing.”

“Well, it’s this way,” replied Crusty Crocodile, all good nature again. “At the back of my throat is a curious valve which closes so tight when I open my

mouth that not the tiniest drop of water can get down my throat. But that is n't my only accomplishment. I can run very fast on land, and you just ought to see me swim! By switching this powerful tail of mine from side to side, I can go through the water like a streak of lightning. But dear me! Here I am talking about myself all the time. Please excuse me, Mr. Cheerups, and tell me why you chose to come to Africa?"

"Oh, we did n't exactly choose," laughed Cheerups merrily; "we just came. You see, we lived on the top of a Great Mountain in America and nobody ever came to see us so we wished and wished for a chance to broaden our acquaintance. Then we decided to travel, and here we are. We really came to help people, and I am sorry, Mr. Croco-

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dile, that we have n't done anything for you."

"Oh, but you have, sir. As a matter of fact, I was feeling quite blue with nobody to share this nice mud and sun with me. Then you came along and gave me a very pleasant afternoon. It has made things look brighter just to talk to you, Mr. Cheerups.

"Sometimes a smile, as you will find,  
Is the very best way of being kind."

Then into the water slid Crusty Crocodile. "Watch me swim," he called, as he waved his tail and vanished in a curve of the Yellow River.





"Look, look," whispered Brighteyes, "right over there; don't you see?" *Page 123.*



## NINETEENTH STORY

# BRIGHTYES MAKES A MISTAKE

“**O**H, quick; come quick, Boys,” cried Brighteyes one day, as he sat on his spider web, resting during the heat of noontime. “Hurry, hurry!”

Up panted Quickear, Softfoot and Sniff-sniff as fast as they could and gathered around their playmate to see what the fun was.

“Look, look,” whispered Brighteyes, “right over there; don’t you see? His coat is all white with black stripes; maybe he is just out of prison.”

“Well, for my part I can’t see a thing,” grumbled Quickear; “but I can hear a most peculiar noise. It sounds harsh and rasping, like some one sawing wood back home on the steep mountain side.”

“I don’t see anything nor do I hear anything,” piped Softfoot and Sniff-sniff in chorus. “What’s the joke anyway, Brighteyes?”

“Can’t you be a little quieter, Boys?” said Cheerups, looking out of his house. “Dear, dear, I just thought I would have a wink or two while Mr. Sun was doing his worst. But, bless me, who is that?” as a plump little white horse all covered with black stripes came cantering up.

“How do you do, how do you do?” neighed the little horse in the same rasping tones which Quickear had heard. “I’m Zippy Zebra, and I’ve come a



long way, I can tell you. It took a lot of courage to do it too. All the family advised me not to come, said it was dangerous to get far from home and all that sort of thing, but Mrs. Ostrich and the Nervous Gnu said they knew you well and not to miss calling. They hinted that you might be gone if I did n't hurry, so here I am. Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu are my very good friends, you know. We pal around together a lot on the Great Plain, and I have every confidence in their judgment." Zippy Zebra stopped to catch his breath.

"Well, well," said Cheerups, now thoroughly awake, "I am delighted to see any one who knows Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu. We have so many friends now that we begin to feel very much at home in Africa. We are not thinking of

leaving for a long time yet. But I should like to explore a little; an excursion to the mountains or a week-end on the Broad Plain, perhaps."

"Oh, sir, that would be splendid! I'm sure you would have a warm welcome everywhere, except perhaps in the mountains. You see, we Zebras are a shy lot. My branch of the family lives on the Broad Plain and is more used to society, but my cousins, the Mountain Zebras, who live up in the hills, just don't care for company at all. I say they carry it too far, but every one to his taste, of course. Why, they even post sentinels on the highest crags to warn the herd when any one is coming, so they can all scamper away. That's not very hospitable, it seems to me. And they are so pretty too, you'd think



they would be proud to show off a bit. They have n't plain white legs like mine, but are striped all over, way down to their hoofs."

"Thanks for the hint, Zippy. We'll try not to intrude on your shy cousins," laughed Cheerups. "But I should think all those black stripes would make you very easily seen, even at night."

"Oh, no, sir; it's just the other way," brayed Zippy with a proud ring in his voice. "They help to hide us in the daytime, but at night we are almost invisible. It's on account of the stripes that we are so inconspic—inconspic—"

"Inconspicuous, perhaps," added Cheerups.

"Yes, that's it, sir, the very word! I'm not good at big ones," replied Zippy, feeling a little embarrassed. "Now I've

made quite a long call for the first one. They told me at home not to stay till you were tired, because I do love to talk. Come and see us some time; good-by, everybody," and Zippy Zebra trotted away with a parting whisk of his little tail.

"*Well,*" gasped Brighteyes, "I guess I was mistaken *that* time!"

## TWENTIETH STORY

### MR. HOOPOE'S HORN

“**T**<sup>HIS</sup> cry I make would be all right for some folks, I suppose. Lots of little birds would be proud of it, but I’m not satisfied. It is n’t loud enough to suit me,” mumbled and grumbled a Hoopoe to himself, as he sat one fine day in the shade of a rock out on the Great Desert.

He looked so nearly like the sand as he crouched there that he was scarcely visible. His body of grayish brown and his black wings and tail, barred with white, were a perfect protection.

“There’s Mr. Hawk sailing around and around up in the sky. He’s looking for me, I guess,” thought the Hoopoe, “but he can’t find me, even with his sharp eyes. I’ll just flatten out my body on the sand and keep perfectly still. He’ll go away in a minute without his dinner. Oh, I’m quite safe, but safety does n’t come first with me. No, sir, I want to make a noise. Perhaps if I tried and tried, I might be able to get out a decent whoop, but it is n’t wise here with that pesky hawk about. I believe I’ll go into the Jungle where it’s cool and quiet and practice a bit.”

Off flew the dissatisfied Hoopoe into the Jungle. On and on between the great trees with their big dewy leaves, in and out of the tangled Jungle Vines, across the Yellow River and through the

Winding Way he went, looking for a good place to stop and begin his singing lesson.

“Here’s the very spot,” cried he. “It’s all cleared out and there’s nobody around. Oh, excuse me, sir; I thought I was alone. I hope I’m not intruding,” as he caught sight of a tiny fairy dressed all in green.

“Intruding? Dear me, dear me, I should say not,” chuckled the little fellow, smiling from ear to ear. “I’m Cheerups, and I just love visitors. Why, I stay at home almost all the time so as not to miss any one. May I ask your name, sir?”

“I’m Mr. Hoopoe from the Great Desert,” replied the bird, puffing out his feathers. “You’ll find me in ‘Who’s Who among the Hoopoes’ any time you care to look, sir. I was just trying to

find a quiet place for a little vocal practice. You see, I'm not satisfied with my voice. You'll agree that the quality is splendid when you hear me, but I want more volume. Will it disturb you if I begin right away?"

"Begin by all means, Mr. Hoopoe; nothing could please me better. Besides, I might be able to help you," cried Cheerups eagerly. "I am quite a judge of music. Why, I used to give lessons to the Cricket children and Mr. Screech Owl, and once I trained a chorus of bees. Buzzy Bumblebee had a wonderful bass."

With such encouragement, Mr. Hoopoe began to sing, but it was a poor attempt. Cheerups knew right away that it would n't do. Such a small, squeaky sound was n't impressive at all. No, indeed, it would n't do!



“Your method of singing is all wrong if it’s volume you want, Mr. Hoopoe,” said Cheerups. “Now just puff out the sides of your neck, then hammer your beak three times on the ground, and you’ll make as big a sound as any one could wish. Every time you strike the ground with your beak some of the air in your throat will escape, and that will make the noise.”

“Three times on the ground, did you say?” asked Mr. Hoopoe, puffing out his neck and looking about to burst. Then three times he rapped the ground with his beak, and out on the morning air rang three loud clear calls.

“Hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo,” screamed that delighted bird. “My, but that’s fine,” he gasped, when he could get his breath. “It was hard work, but it was

worth it; and I'll tell everybody in the Jungle who wants singing lessons to come to you. You are a wonderful teacher, Mr. Cheerups. How glad I am that I dropped in."

Then "hoo-hoo-hoo" came fainter and fainter the sound through the Jungle, as happy Mr. Hoopoe hopped away, blowing his own horn.

## TWENTY-FIRST STORY

# A RAINY DAY IN THE JUNGLE

**I**T was pouring. Not a ray of sunshine greeted Cheerups when he opened his eyes. All the world was gray, and nothing could be heard but the sound of great drops tinkling on his tiny roof.

“I guess I shall have to stay at home to-day, sure enough,” chuckled he, wagging his topknot; “and no visitors will come either, unless the ducks manage to get out. I feel a trifle moist, but it’s worse for the Quixies out there on their spider webs in all this rain. Oh,

Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot, Sniff-sniff; come here and get under as much cover as this summer house of mine offers!”

The Quixies did n't take long in answering that call. They were all very wet except Sniffsniff, who said he had found a big mushroom to crawl under.

“Now, Boys, Old Brother East Wind has just whispered to me that he's going to keep this rain up all day. What shall we do? Supposing we play games!”

“Oh, please, Mr. Cheerups,” begged Brighteyes, “tell us a story!”

“Yes, yes, a story,” chimed the others in chorus, clapping their hands and squealing with delight.

“Oh, well, if it's a story you are wanting, you provoking young rascals, I sup-

pose I can find one tucked away in my head somewhere," said Cheerups, smiling. "But I am getting decidedly damp on one side, and if you want a story, you will have to keep your story-teller dry in some way."

"I know how," cried Quickear. "We'll get some big leaves and hang them like curtains on the side of the house where the rain comes in." Before Cheerups could suggest that they would get all wet while doing it, they were off and back again with the leaves; almost before he had time to put on his little red shoes and straighten up his topknot for the day. Then the great glossy leaves were fastened on two sides of the house in a twinkling, with strong grasses and bits of Twisty Vine, and the jolly little Quixies, all snug and warm, sat down

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in a circle about Cheerups, their eyes shining, and their ears pricked for a story.

“Most stories begin ‘Once upon a time,’” said Cheerups, beaming, for he was enjoying himself immensely, “but this one starts with just ‘Yesterday.’ Do you boys remember Mr. Hoopoe, who came for a singing lesson?”

“Remember him? I should say so!” piped Quickear. “I was out on the edge of the Desert eating prickly pears with Jacky Monk, and I heard him all that way. Goodness, but he made a noise, worse than Fourth of July back home.”

“There’s quite a remarkable story about Mr. Hoopoe,” said Cheerups hastily, trying to change the subject. It made him a little homesick to think of



the Fourth of July, and he saw a tear in Softfoot's eye.

“Well, in Arabia, which is a country lying beyond the Desert of Sahara and the Red Sea, far away from our Jungle, the people have a legend about Mr. Hoopoe and King Solomon, who lived long, long ago. Once when King Solomon was traveling through the Desert—for other lands have deserts too, you know—he grew very faint from the hot rays of Big Bright Mr. Sun. Then a flock of Hoopoes came and formed a screen just above his head to protect him. King Solomon was so delighted and thought it was so kind of the Hoopoes that he asked what he could do for them as a reward. What do you suppose the foolish things asked for? Why, crowns of gold upon their heads! Of course,

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the king granted their request, and they were very happy and proud of themselves for a while, looking into all the pools and even the dewdrops to catch their reflections. But soon men began to trap them and hunt them to get their golden crowns. The Hoopoes were most dreadfully frightened then, and some of them went back to King Solomon and begged that he would take away the horrid crowns. The kind king listened to their troubles, of course, and gave them crowns of feathers instead of their golden ones. Ever since then these birds have worn brown crests with white and black tips. Didn't you notice Mr. Hoopoe's yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cheerups, we did," cried the Quixies in glee, "for we were peeking from behind the Breadfruit Tree

all the time, except Quickear, who was away eating fruit. Thank you, sir; that was a lovely story!”

“But you see now, don’t you,” said Cheerups, with a merry twinkle in his eye, “that

“Golden crowns and all the rest  
Are not of gifts the very best”?



## TWENTY-SECOND STORY

### THE ODD OKAPI

“**I** AM going to call on Cheerups this morning,” said Ollie Okapi to Mrs. Okapi, with a brisk determined air. It had taken him a long time to make up his mind and he did n’t want any objections made. “Cheerups has grown so famous that the whole Jungle rings with his good deeds. Whispers of them have come even to us here in the thickest part of the Deep Forest.”

“Well, I don’t see why you should n’t go, my dear,” replied Mrs. Okapi, much to Ollie’s surprise. “I should think he would be delighted to see you. This

Cheerups person may be wonderful and helpful and all that, but when it comes to curiosities, there is n't one that I know of who can hold a candle, or a firefly I mean, to you, Ollie. You *are* the most oddest —"

"The oddest, my dear, the oddest! I do wish you would be careful of your African," said Ollie gently, for he was feeling very much flattered. "Perhaps it would be a treat to him to see me, now that you speak of it. Why should n't I do folks a favor once in a while, when it's so easy? That's a very good idea indeed," and Ollie Okapi strutted up and down as well as he could for the Great Trees and the Twisty Vines which got in his way. "How do you think I look; all right to start, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, you look very handsome,





"Make yourself quite at home," greeted a small jolly voice. *Page 145.*



Ollie," cried Mrs. Okapi, turning on him admiring eyes. "But don't stay away too late or I shall worry."

"No, I won't, Mother; good-by!" and with a whisk of his tail and a frisk of his heels, the odd Okapi dashed away through the Woods on his journey to Cheerups.

"I don't believe it's very far," thought he to himself, "for the Jungle and the Deep Forest are really the same thing. I ought to be finding him soon. Why, here's a nice little clear place to stop and look around."

"It certainly is, sir; make yourself quite at home," greeted a small jolly voice. "I'm Cheerups and on the lookout for adventures this morning, but really, I hardly expected —"

"No, of course you did n't, Mr. Cheerups," shouted Ollie joyously. "I just

knew you would be too surprised for anything when you saw me. But you have n't hurt my feelings a bit, sir. You could n't be expected to know about me, because I have only been recently discovered by a famous explorer. Nobody really knows anything of my habits except that I live in the densest part of the Deep Forest and seem to go about with my mate only. 'Two's company,' say I. Okapi is my name, Ollie Okapi to my friends, and I hope you will be one of them, sir."

"Thank you, thank you, but — but —" stammered Cheerups. "It's your looks, Ollie, that are so confusing. You are something like a giraffe, something like an antelope, something like a zebra and something like an ox, and I can't decide where one begins and another leaves off."



By this time Ollie was too pleased and excited to control himself. He pranced, capered, shook his tail and wiggled his ears with pride and joy.

“I can’t blame you, sir,” roared he in a boastful tone. “I guess most any one would be astonished to see the reddish coat of an ox, the striped legs of a zebra, the horns of a giraffe and the general shape of an antelope all belonging to one animal. Now that I have given you a treat, sir, I think I must be going.”

“Don’t hurry, Ollie,” said Cheerups, who had recovered his composure by this time. “But of course, if you think Mrs. Okapi would be worried, you’d better be off. Remember, though,

“No matter how fine one’s looks or dress  
A boasting manner makes them less.

“Good morning!”

“Now I wonder what he meant,”  
mused Ollie Okapi, as he scampered  
away through the trees.



## TWENTY-THIRD STORY

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

“**I**T ’s a fine day, sir, is n’t it?” murmured a timid voice behind Cheerups. “Don’t look around too suddenly, please. I am Willie Warthog and I think you are in for a surprise.”

“Why, nothing can surprise me now, Mr. Warthog,” cried Cheerups, with a chuckle; “I’ve seen so much of the world. But — mercy me!” as he turned slowly about and took a long look at this strange visitor, “perhaps there is something in what you say.”

“There! I knew you would be surprised. Don’t be frightened, though!

I look fierce but I'm really quite bashful. It's enough to make anybody shy to have big bumps all over his face, and teeth sticking out at the sides of his mouth. I could stand not being pretty, because I don't run across a mirror in the Jungle very often, if that horrid name of mine did n't keep reminding me of my looks. When I hear myself called by it, I just feel as if I could n't stand it any longer. And that is n't all," gasped the Warthog. "There's a lot more!"

"Now don't hurry so, Willie," said Cheerups kindly. "Catch your breath! We have all of this glorious morning in which to talk about your troubles; and I don't believe any one's troubles, if really boiled down, would take a whole morning to tell. Honestly, do you?"

“W-e-ll,” mused Willie Warthog slowly, “I’m not so sure. I think I had better be getting on with mine, for you don’t know how many I may think of. In the first place, it’s my looks; in the second place, it’s my name; and in the third place, it’s my neck!”

“Your neck, Willie? Why, I should n’t say you had enough neck to bother you,” cried Cheerups.

“That’s just it; I have n’t, and that bothers me,” wailed Willie. “You have no idea how useful a neck is until you have n’t one, Mr. Cheerups. When I am rushing along as fast as I can to get away from an enemy, I can’t look around because my neck is too short. I don’t know whether he is right at my heels and I must put on more speed, or whether I have distanced him and can stop and

munch grass.” Great tears rolled down poor Willie’s bumpy face.

“Dear me, dear me,” said Cheerups, very much disturbed. “This won’t do at all. Wipe your eyes on this handkerchief, Willie,” handing him a large spider’s web, “and smile a bit. That will make you look so pleasant that no one will care whether you are beautiful or not.

“Be jolly and kind,  
Not cross at all  
And your looks none will mind,  
You least of all.”

“But my ugly name, sir,” sniffed Willie.

“I’m coming to that,” chirped Cheerups. “You really have the most wonderful and romantic sounding name in all Animal Land. It might belong to the hero of a novel. In the language of the

people of Africa, where you live, you are called Vlacke Vark."

"O-o-o-o-h!" gasped Willie Warthog in surprise and astonishment. "I don't know what a novel is, but to be like a hero in anything is novel enough to me. Vlacke Vark! Vlacke Vark! Vlacke Vark! Doesn't it sound beautiful? Vlacke Va—"

"Wait a minute, Vlacke," cried Cheer-ups. "Those are n't all the nice things you are going to hear. Had you forgotten about your neck?"

"Yes, sir, I had," sighed Vlacke sadly. "I had 'most forgotten that there was anything in the world except names. Of course you can't help me about my neck, sir. One can't change something one has n't."

"There's always a way, Vlacke, if you will just find the way into your own

mind and think it over," said Cheerups, shaking his topknot and beaming with good nature. "Suppose you are running away from an enemy and want to see what he is doing; point your nose straight up into the air and look back over your shoulders!"

Quick as a flash went the Warthog's nose into the air. Sure enough, he could see everything behind him, only this time they were friendly things: a marshy pool, the feathery palms and great pink and purple flowers.

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, I believe I'll turn a somersault," roared Vlacke with joy. "You know I do sometimes when I am coming out of my burrow, and I never felt more like it in my life. You are the most wonderful person and I can't thank you enough."



“I’ve enjoyed myself this morning, too,” said Cheerups, with a smile, “and you see it has taken only half an hour to tell your troubles and to cure them as well. Good-by, Vlacke; come and see me again!”

“Good-by, sir, and after all, I believe I like Willie better,—it sounds so nice and friendly,” and Vlacke Vark the Warthog trudged away into the Jungle.



## TWENTY-FOURTH STORY

# THE GREAT-GRAND- MOTHER OF ALL THE TABBIES

“**H**ERE, puss; here, puss; here, puss!” called Cheerups in his gentlest voice. “My, but it’s nice to see a cat once more! It seems just like being back home.”

“Begging your pardon, sir,” purred the animal addressed, “I’m not exactly what you think, and yet in a way I am. That sounds like talking in riddles, does n’t it? Perhaps I have caught the habit from the Sphinx; you see, I live in Egypt. Only the Sphinx never explains and I will.”

“Please do,” cried the astonished Cheerups, as he looked curiously at his visitor. She was a little larger than one of our North American cats, of a grayish-yellow color with a few dark stripes on her back, and her fine tail was ringed about and tipped with black.

“Well,” continued Puss, curling her tail around her feet as she sat, and purring comfortably, “it’s very probable that the ancestor of all the pet cats in the world was like me, for my family has lived in Egypt for five thousand years.”

“Bless me,” gasped Cheerups. “Think of that, Miss —”

“Call me Tabby, please; it’s shorter and more friendly. Now you may think that what I have told you is wonderful, but the best part is coming,” said Tabby proudly. “Just listen to this! Long,

long ago, the people of Egypt worshiped us. We are wild now, but then they tamed us, petted us and showed us every honor, and to kill a cat was a very great crime. Whoever did so was severely punished. I tell you, those were the good old days. No tin cans and no small boys of the stone-throwing variety, such as my tame cousins have to suffer from now. I don't know how you feel about boys, Mr. Cheerups, but I can't see any use for them."

"Oh, I *like* boys," cried Cheerups, "and I don't believe they mean to be cruel, Tabby. Maybe no one has ever told them how you feel."

"You may be right, Mr. Cheerups, but tastes certainly differ," mewed Tabby thoughtfully, as she curled up into a cosy round ball and gently closed her eyes.

“Please,” cried disappointed Cheerups, “is n’t there any more?” He was so eager by this time for the rest of Tabby’s story that he could hardly wait.

“Do excuse me, sir,” murmured Tabby, winking and blinking sleepily. “I just dropped off for a minute. Some folks call it taking a cat nap. It’s a long run from Egypt to the Jungle, and I was visiting all along the way, so there were no end of parties, frogging parties and field-mouse hunts, and I am a bit tired. I don’t mind being up late at night, of course; it’s quite in my line; but parties *are* tiring. Let me see, where was I?”

“You were telling how the Egyptian people of long ago worshiped the cat,” said Cheerups. “It seems to me that those cats had a very easy time,—all play and no work.”



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“I was just getting to that,” mewed Tabby a little fretfully. “Don’t jump at conclusions. Even if they were worshiped and buried in the tombs of kings, cats were expected to be useful, as it’s my opinion that every one should be.

“Only a few can be beautiful,  
But all can be useful and dutiful,

is my motto, sir, and Egyptian cats in the long ago had to live up to it too. There is a picture, thousands of years old, in the British Museum in London, which shows a hunter out in a boat, hunting water birds. His pet cat is with him, looking very serious, for she is the most important member of the party. Yes, sir, that grandmother of all pet cats is shown bringing back to her master the birds she has caught. She holds

them in her mouth and her paws. That's the story the picture tells, and if you don't call that work," said Tabby, with a proud little whirry purr, "just try catching a bird yourself some time. There is no denying that we felines are a fine lot. But mind you, I don't approve of all the branches of my family. There's my cousin Stripey Tiger, who lives in India. I should n't care to meet him, for I don't like what I hear about his ways. Now if I may wash my face and paws before going, I think I had better be scampering along."

"Certainly, Tabby, make yourself at home," smiled Cheerups. "And thanks for your interesting tale. No, not the handsome one you are wearing, but your story. It was splendid."

"I'm so glad you liked it, Mr. Cheer-

ups,” purred Tabby, as she finished her toilet. “I’ll drop in again some day,” and with a light bound she was gone.

“Dear me,” sighed Cheerups, “all this talk about Egypt and India and England makes me restless. How jolly it would be to begin traveling again! I wonder what the Quixies would say to it? Where *are* those scamps, anyway? I never can keep an eye on them. Oh, Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot, Sniff-sniff!” shouted Cheerups.

“Here we are, sir, ready for anything!” chimed the four little Quixies, dropping like a flash from the Great Breadfruit Tree and standing at attention.

“Then if that’s the case, you young rascals, it’s a journey you’ll be taking before long,” chuckled Cheerups. “The

only question is, — where shall we go?”

“Oh, sir,” gasped the Quixies in one breath, “how wonderful! We are aching to be off!”

“I say, let’s go to India,” chattered Softfoot.

“Japan would be nice,” murmured Sniffs Sniff.

“China is better,” coaxed Quickear.

“I think Australia would be more exciting, because we don’t know much about it,” piped Brighteyes.

“Brighteyes is right; we’ll go to Australia!” cried Cheerups, “and let’s go *now!*” With that he jumped on a flying leaf and soared away over the still green Jungle. Shouting with glee, each of the frisky little Quixies snatched a convenient breeze and followed.

“Is n’t this fun?” called Cheerups merrily. “We shall certainly broaden our acquaintance, and perhaps there will be folks in Australia who need help too!”



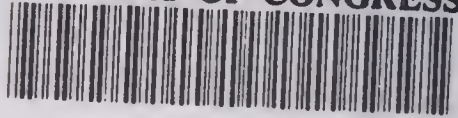








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